

XXI NO. 5

THE
CRESCENT
PACIFIC COLLEGE

FEBRUARY, 1910

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THE CRESCENT

VOL. XXI. FEBRUARY, 1910 NO. 5

A Better Appreciation of Art.

(By Leonard George '10, winning second place in local oratorical contest.)

Great nations are remembered by their deeds, their words and their art. Not one of these can be thoroughly understood without a knowledge of the other two; but of the three the only quite trustworthy one is art. The nation, through its good fortune, may be triumphant in acts; by the genius of a few, its words appeal mightily, but its art is only accomplished by the general gifts and common sympathies of the race. Art is produced instinctively. The sincerity or pretense is always shown. The evidence, therefore, that the art of a nation is most vital to our knowledge of any race.

Our thoughts are at once turned back to the old Greek state and we think of their art as being produced by a gifted few. Their knowledge of art was recognized as a necessity rather than a luxury. This fact was realized by the people in general. The parents furnished their homes with the best environment to create this sense of beauty and culture.

While in this age of great material prosperity there is a strong tendency to neglect the higher qualities in life. The system of the twentieth century is founded on the opinion that the skilled laborer can be substituted by the machine. A phonograph to produce the

music; a camera to produce the picture, and the cast iron to mold the sculpture. Is that our twentieth century faith? We are consoling ourselves by mechanically trying to grind out music, literature and art. It is evidently true that we are losing our delight in skill.

This can be accounted for to a great extent by commercialism. The ordinary man in this work-a-day world has his life crowded with diverse interests and increasing complex demands. He has little time to spend in the interest of art. In this age of specializing, the professional man is content in the mastery of his own craft. He leaves such knowledge as art to the expert and to the artist. He does not aspire to the understanding of a vocation that lies beyond him. As a layman he remains frankly and indifferently on the outside.

There should be an honest reverence for art, that it might be brought to the proper work it has to accomplish in the service of humanity. The duty of the painter is the same as that of a preacher. He is giving expression of that which he has received from God's creation. The artist exhibits the general habits of nature shown in some peculiar, rare and beautiful way. The successfully rendered production is the result of a long association with the artist. Ruskin asserts that "no man ever painted or ever will paint, well, anything but what he has early and long seen, early and long felt and early and long loved."

The excellency of a painting is not considered as being an imitation. This would only be mechanical. On such a basis painting would lose its rank and no longer be counted among the liberal arts. The painter of genius does not content himself with the drudgery of a mechanical reproduction. The claim of art for

holding as high a rank as poetry is that of its power over the imagination.

The greatness of art depends on that peculiar power which exercises and exalts the higher faculty of the mind. There is an indefinite something which constitutes art that is impossible to describe. We feel this indescribable something when we gaze at the great artists harmony in colors. The artist is not counted great on account of the style of production or in the choice of subjects, but in the nobleness of the end to which he has directed his effort. His greatness consists in whether he has opened a new truth or aroused a noble emotion.

By knowing wherein lies the greatness of art, we can see how suitable it would be to the present condition of society. It is important to offset the temptations to vice, in this busy world, by an entertainment of a more improving character. With the association of art we find the means which calls for this preference. For the influence of art is wholesome and instructive.

However powerful art may be, it cannot complete its mission until it is rightly understood and received. Even if the United States is collecting an imposing national art wealth of the old masterpieces, they can not have their due influence on the public until the masses have a better appreciation of them.

To appreciate these masterpieces we must first know how to study them. Many visit a gallery with the expectation of gaining the desired result by walking along and glancing at each picture as they pass by. It is no wonder that many paintings express nothing to them. There must be time for communication. The artist has experienced a new wonder in nature and he wants to communicate his joy to his fellowmen. Hen-

ry VanDyke says: "I like to see a fine picture now and then, but only one at a time, if you please, and that one I should like to look at as long as it says anything to me and to revisit it as often as it calls me."

Three men are standing before Millet's "Sower."

One recognizes what the artist has represented. He is interested in the situation. While thinking of the sower, he recalls any sower he has seen. His interest is in his own sower rather than in the one Millet had seen.

The second observer is delighted in the qualities of execution. He notices in particular the drawing, the color and how the material was applied. He is well pleased by the color harmony. This man comes nearer an appreciation of the artist's work, though he fell short of a full realization, for he stops with the technical execution.

The third man is not thinking of the setting which moved the artist to produce this picture, nor of noticing the technical charm. He unconsciously feels himself that sower. Then through his mind is experienced the life worn with toil. His appreciation goes beyond the canvass. This third spectator is the only one who receives what Millet purposed to convey. He partook of the experience portrayed by the artist and made it his own.

To receive the fullest message we must identify ourselves with the artist's purpose. This message is received through feeling, rather than by knowledge. The mission of art is not to teach, though this may be incidental. It has the power over the appreciator, making him something that he otherwise would not have been. It is the call to a fuller living. When art is rightly understood and received, it is a means of cul-

ture. A greater capability of feeling is what we need in our relation to art. It is not more knowledge or an acquisition of facts; but an increased interest to interpret these vital qualities and to apply them to life.

No prophet of old ever appealed so eloquently to his people to return to the worship of the God of Isreal as do those objects and models of harmony. The noblest thought of the old masters was through the mystic union of earth and heaven, and through the nineteenth century there was realized a deeper conception of the essential unity of the human and the Divine. This is the great message of art. Notwithstanding, there must be an awakening of the spiritual conscience to receive the message. A new beauty will then be revealed, a beauty so impressive, so ennobling, so soul-satisfying, that it will unconsciously unify and harmonize the conflicting elements of humanity. Is this too great a claim for art?

The Story of a Rose.

Within a home of luxury and ease
 A fair haired, blue eyed maiden dwelt,
 An only child, the idol of fond parents' hearts,
 And who no worry, care nor sorrow felt.
 Years passed; she grew to womanhood
 Among rich friends and suitors gay.
 She knew not the sorrows of the poor
 Nor felt the scorning of a cold world's way.
 The parents then into prospecting entered
 For their thousands, thousands more did crave.
 They failed; lost all and soon heart broken
 Left their darling for the silent grave.
 Penniless, alone, she boldly faced the world,
 At last she found employmenut in an office gray
 Where 'mid the hurry, rush and din
 She worked and labored through the long, long day.

THE CRESCENT

To pay the rent of one small room;
 To keep a cover o'er her head;
 To lay up money for a rainy day;
 To buy her clothes, and her daily bread.

One night as wearily leaving her car,
 Thinking soon in her own little room to be,
 The car without warning lurched,
 Threw her, and fractured her knee.

To the hospital she then was taken
 But the wound was, oh so slow to heal.
 Weeks passed; she was about to leave; but five
 Dollars yet remained; a year on crutches; it made
 her reel.

What should she do? five dollars; the rent;
 Her food; a year! must this last her a year?
 She started out to boldly face the world again,
 But on her whitened cheek there shown a tear.

On down the street she made her weary way,
 But at a flower stand she stopped;
 Crimson roses; shall I, can I? yes, I will,
 "One, please," and in his hand her quarter dropped.

"Sweet rose, lovely rose," she murmured to herself,
 As on she went; painfully she took her car;
 Before her sat a blind man, young in years
 Whose handsome face with grief was marred.

"Shall I give this beggar my lovely crimson rose?
 Here's a case that's worse by far than mine,"
 She whispered, not knowing that he heard, but
 In her heart his blindness and his grief had touched
 a chord divine.

Feigning unintention her rose fell to the floor,
 And as the blind man's guide then quickly stooping
 Gave it back to her she said, "Will you give
 This to the blind man?" with her eyelids drooping.

Soon they parted; she to seek her lowly cot,
 He to his mansion, daughter, ease.

"Oh, dear papa, you forgot to change your coat
 This morning," cries his child, "do it quickly please."

THE CRESCENT

"Oh, what a lovely rose, give it to me, papa dear
 For it's just like those Cousin Ned has brought me
 For I am twelve today you must remember—
 He was so angry, for a crippled girl bought one of
 the twelve you see."

"No, child, this was given me by a friend
 Take it, place it gently in my hall."
 Days passed; people came to him for justice
 For a girl who had been injured in a fall.

He investigated closely; found the girl
 To be honest, noble, brave and true.
 "Yes, I was to make the girl my wife some day."
 Said Ned, "but now she's poor." "Ah, you

Know not whereof you now do speak.
 Poor? yes, in money, but a heart of gold.
 She shall have justice, as president of this road
 I'll see that she is cared for, mark what I've to
 you told."

His word was good, a thousand to her credit placed.
 She paid those caring for her, lived in peace
 And waited patiently for the time she would
 Be well and strong again to go about in ease.

The lovely crimson rose was withered, but
 Within the faded, perfumed leaves
 A blind man, young in years, saw there
 The love and tenderness for which his own heart
 grieved.

The year had ended, and with it were laid
 Aside the crutches of the injured girl.
 With it ended the sorrow and toil of her life;
 With it came a new joy o'er her life to unfurl.

She came to be mother to the motherless child;
 She came to take the place of one gone before
 For giving her rose to please a blind beggar
 Had brought its reward a hundred-fold more.

MARY COOK '11.

"The Finding of my Love."

One lone evening a mellow voice called to me. At first I did not hear it clearly, but the second time there was no mistaking it. Mellow and clear it spoke to me —to me alone. "Come," it sang, "Come with me and I will lead thee to thy love."

It led me out over a meadow green with springing grass, sprinkled lightly with blooming flowers, where I had often wandered in the twilight shadows. As I entered the neighboring woods the birds sang more sweetly, and all fresh green things took on a more beautiful hue. On, on! Past winding streams, past huge bunches of ferns made more beautiful by the contrast of a little starry pink bud unfolding under its shade.

Where was this voice within taking me? I knew not, but followed unquestioningly. There was no one whom I could see, leading me, yet it seemed as if footsteps had been there before and I was but following a path made by some one, and as if but recently, for the fir needles sent up an odor as though some light footed creature had but slightly bruised them.

The stars twinkled mildly through the over arching branches. Soft was the light by which I made my way. A flush was on my cheek and my heart was bounding with an inward joy. I felt so happy, and tears involuntarily sprang from my eyes. The joy I could not explain; enough that I could weep. Clear music, heavenly in its harmony rang in my ears; domineering over all the tragic strains of the violin sobbing. Strange that I should have such an experience! Something whispered "Soon, very soon thou shalt see thy love", and I felt

that very soon I should see her. I, who had never dreamt of love as meant for me, I to have a love!

I had been walking with my head bowed, my eyes filled with tears. I now lifted them and beheld before them a rising knoll. But there, there was my love! All my life had been but one long breath of sadness compared to this moment. No tears came now. Only a pure love surged in my heart. My love! What was she like? Love, you say, can describe its love. Oh, but mine was different. Born in a moment, to live for all eternity.

A dead tree had fallen to the ground. Over it ran a blossom of whose like I had never seen or read—cream, with crimson veins running through its petals. With her form outlined by these blossoms stood a maiden.

What can I say of her beauty? I can only say poet never sang, song told, or man dreamt of beauty, they had but seen its counterfeit. Soft brown ringlets curled about her brow; eyes, but I could not see them, although I knew they too must be brown; lips of crimson whose soft curves themselves spoke of her true heart. The bloom of flowers; the song of brooks and birds, the life of the growing plant—all was breathed into her beauty, aye, they were her beauty. I to be loved by her!

But hold! she raises her noble head and beholds me standing still in the path. She smiles—a smile so sweet and heavenly, and holding her arms out in loving entreaty I ran lightly into them. A breeze passing through the woodland kissed us both. I had found my love; her name is Nature.

KATHRYN BRYAN, '12.

THE CRESCENT.

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As usual only one contestant won first place in the local oratorical contest, and as usual there was some difference in opinion among the judges and audience, but not as much as often occurs. The third "as usual" is, that class and personal opinions have been forgotten and all have joined in the effort to capture the medal at Salem March 11.

R. G. Latham, in his book "English Language" says, "Thieves'" language, or that dialect for which there is no name but one from its own vocabulary, viz. "Slang" is of greater value in philology than in commerce." He might well have used any term in the place of commerce, for where is slang of any value when good English may always be found to express anything worth while saying. The worst of it is that

this dialect is so extensively used in our colleges, the very place where one would naturally expect to hear only "refined" language. Public speakers when using this language, apologize by adding "In college vernacular." No one who is really honest cares to be classed as a thief, so don't use their language. Perhaps many would not agree with Latham's definition but we all do agree that it is bad taste to say the least, and who does not actually think a little less of the one indulging in the practice. It is often only thoughtlessness on the part of the offender but it sounds just as coarse and vulgar. There is a group of students in college who have decided to quit the habit and we desire to see the group enlarge.

Florence Rees Wins.

The annual oratorical contest was held in the college chapel January 28. Five orators competed for the honor of representing Pacific College in the state oratorical contest to be held at Willamette University March 11. The contestants and their oration subjects were as follows:

Florence Rees, '12, "The Heroine."
 Nathan Cook, '10, "Problem of the Unemployed."
 Maude Haworth, '13, "Decline of the American Home."
 Mary Cook, '11, "The Public Conscience on Sanitation."
 Leonard George, '10, "A Better Appreciation of Art."
 Florence Rees won first place and Leonard George

second. Mary Cook secured third while Nathan Cook and Maude Haworth ran an even race.

Mrs. Hull and Alexander Hull furnished a few musical numbers which were appreciated by the audience.

Pacific 19, Chemawa 15.

Those who attended the game between Pacific and Chemawa, January 21, witnessed an exhibition of true sportsmanship. A clean fast game was played and good feeling existed between the teams from start to finish. Below is what Chemawa has to say about it, as printed in the Portland Telegram:

CHEMAWA, Or., Jan. 22.—The Pacific College basketball team defeated the Indians of the Chemawa School by a score of 19 to 15, on the Chemawa floor last evening. The game was not won until just before the referee's whistle was blown. The first half ended with the score of 8 to 7 in favor of Pacific. Hammer starred for Pacific and Powers for Chemawa.

The line-up was as follows:

Chemawa	Position	Pacific
Souvegnir.....	F.....	Hammer (9)
Powers (4).....	C.....	Lewis (6)
Clark (9).....	F.....	Smith (2)
Charles.....	G.....	Armstrong
Smoker (2).....	G.....	Rasmussen (2)
Fenton, of Dallas,	referee.	Twenty-minute halves.

McMinnville 38, Pacific 11.

January 29 P. C. was defeated on McMinnville's floor in a game of basketball. The first of each half was about even, then the Baptists would forge ahead but be held even by the Quakers on the finish. The rough play was in direct contrast to the game at Chemawa.

Teabo, of Chemawa, refereed a loose game and many fouls were made by both teams.

Pacific	Position	McMinnville
Hammer	F G	Miller
Smith.....	F G.....	McCabe
Lewis.....	C	McKee
Armstrong	G F	J. Foster
Rasmussen	G F	W. Foster

Basketball League.

(STANDING FEBRUARY 5.)

	P	W	L	Pr Ct
Dallas	5.....	5.....	0.....	1000
Philomath	5.....	4.....	1.....	800
Pacific.....	6.....	2.....	4.....	333
Chemawa....	6.....	2.....	4.....	333
McMinnville.....	3.....	1.....	2.....	333
Albany	3.....	0.....	3.....	000

We have played all our games away and our hardest one on our home floor. We meet Chemawa February 11. A good, close game is assured.



Rev. Stannard was a chapel speaker January 14. Don't forget the debate at McMinnville February 18. Rev. Lyons told us of Edinburgh in chapel January 21.

Maude Gregory has dropped all of her work except German.

Lisle Hubbard missed a few days of school the last of January.

Roy Fitch spent January 15 and 16 at his home in Sherwood taking Leo Keyes with him this time.

Those on the absent list recently were Nathan Cook, Victor Rees, Roy Fitch, Paul Moore, Erma Heacock.

Homer Parrott is again in school after being quarantined for three weeks on account of scarlet fever in the family.

Prof. Weesner gave a very instructive chapel talk February 2 on "Don't Aim Higher Than You Wish to Hit," illustrating with incidents from his own life.

Rae Smith spent January 22 and 23 at his home in Portland. So far as we know he didn't lose anything that trip except some sleep and he regained that the first day after getting back.

One of the most interesting chapel talks was given February 1, by Marvin Blair '04. He is not a real estate agent but the way he described the Alberta country leaves those fellows in the shade.

Roy Fitch, secretary of the I. O. A. O., attended the meeting of the executive committee of that association held in Salem January 29. Judges were named for the oratorical contest to be held March 11, and other routine work performed.

LITERARY SOCIETY—Kathryn Bryan resigned her position as secretary and Pearl Moore was elected to fill the vacancy.....The programs are good and well rendered. Visitors coming once are interested enough to come again. They are always welcome.....Jess Hammer was voted a member January 21.

One of the most interesting convention reports was given by Claude Newlin January 24, that was ever given by a student delegate. Claude went to the state Y. M. C. A. convention at Corvallis January 21-23 and evidently "paid attention" for he was able to bring a part of the convention to us. President Kelsey was also in attendance and supplemented Claude's remarks.

Mamie Coulson and Eva Frazier attended the wedding of Worth Coulson January 25. Mr. Coulson is a member of the class of '05, is a horticulturist and will reside on his ranch near Scotts Mills. The Crescent joins the alumni in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Coulson many happy anniversaries of the day. Mrs. Coulson was formerly known as Nellie Brougher and also lived at Scotts Mills.

Exchanges.

The picture supplement of the Westonian as usual is very good.

We are wondering if the "University Life" isn't about ready to drop the editorial war carried on with one of its neighboring colleges.

We would like the A. H. S. Whirlwind just as well if its advertising was not so badly mixed with its literary columns.

"Turn failure into victory,
Don't let your courage fade;
And if you get a lemon,
Just let the lemon aid."

—Ex.

Several O. A. C. students have recently been appointed to responsible positions.

Dr. D. M. Edwards is the new president of Penn College, Iowa. The Penn Chronicle pays a glowing tribute to retiring President A. Rosenburger.

MISS —:

Please excuse T-C--'s tardiness this morning as he had to curry and hitch me up. Yours truly,
TOM (The Horse)

"I fear you are forgetting me,"
She said in tones polite.
"I am indeed for getting you,
That's why I'm here tonight."

—Ex.

The West Chester Friends School has a rather unique, but interesting number scheduled in its lecture course, "Methods of Legislature."

A group of Wellesley College girls have offered to undertake the gymnastic instructions in the public schools of Wellesley, Mass.—Ex.

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

—Ex.

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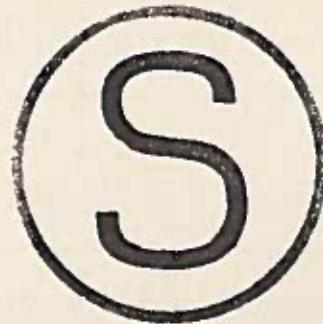
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